

MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

BY AARON ALLWORTHY & Co.

"NULLIUS ADDICTUS JURARE IN VERBA MAGISTRI."

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[Vol. 1.]

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered to the Candidates for the Baccalaureate, in Union College, in Schenectady, N. Y. at the Anniversary Commencement, May 1, 1805, by ELIPHALET NOTT, President of Union College.

[Continued.]

Finally, *cherish and practice Religion.*—Man has been called, in distinction from the inferior orders of creation, a religious being, and justly so called. For, though his hopes and fears may be repressed, and the moral feelings of his heart stifled for a season, nature, like a torrent which has been obstructed, will break forth, and sweep away those frail works, which scepticism may have erected to divert its course.

There is something so repulsive in naked infidelity, that the mind approaches it with reluctance, shrinks back from it with horror, and is never settled till it rests on positive religion.

I am aware that, *that spirit of devotion, that sense of guilt and dread of punishment, which pervades the human mind, have been attributed to either the force of habit or the influence of superstition.* Let the appeal be made to human nature. To the position of irreligionists on this article, human nature itself furnishes the most satisfactory refutation. Religion is the first principle of man. It shoots up from the very seat of life, it cleaves to the human constitution by a thousand ligaments; it entwines around human nature, and sends to the very bottom of the heart its penetrating tendrils. It cannot, therefore, be exterminated. The experiment has again and again been tried, and the result has always proved worthy of the rash attempt.

Young as you are, you have witnessed, with a view to this extermination, the most desperate efforts. But just now, a formidable host of infuriated infidels were assembled. You heard them openly abjure their GOD. You saw them wreaking their vengeance on religion. For a season they triumphed. Before them every sacred institution disappeared—every consecrated monument fell to dust. The fervors of nature were extinguished, and the lips of devotion palsied by their approach. With one hand they seized the thunder of the heavens, and with the other smote HIS throne who inhabited them. It seemed

to crumble at the stroke. Mounting its fancied ruins, BLASPHEMY waved its terrific sceptre, and impiously looking up to those eternal heights where the Deity resides, exclaimed "VICTORY!"

Where now are those dreaded enemies of our religion? They have vanished from the sight. They were—but are seen no more. Nor have the consequences of their exertions been more abiding. A great nation indeed, delivered from the restraints of moral obligation, and enfranchised with all the liberties of infidelity, were proclaimed FREE. But have they continued so? No; their minds presently recoiled from the dismal waste which scepticism had opened before them, and the cheerless darkness it had spread around them. They suddenly arrested their step. They retraced, in sadness and sorrow, the paths which they had trodden. They consecrated again the temples they had defiled; they rebuilt the altar they had demolished; they sighed for the return of that religion they had banished, and spontaneously promised submission to its reign.

What are we to infer from this? That religion is congenial to human nature—that it is inseparable from it. Why, I would ask, has religion existed in the world in ages past—why does it exist now—why will it exist in ages to come? Is it because Kings have ordained, and Priests defend it? No; but because GOD formed man to be religious. Its great and eternal principles are inscribed in characters which are indelible; nor can the violence of infidelity blot them out. Obscured indeed they may be by the influence of sin, and remain not legible during the rage of passion. But a calm ensues; the calm of reason, or the night of adversity, from the midst of whose darkness a light proceeds which renders the original inscription visible. Man now turns his eye inward upon himself. He reads "RESPONSIBILITY," and as he reads, he feels a sense of sin and dread of punishment. He now pays from necessity an homage to religion—an homage which cannot be withheld; it is the homage of his nature. We have now traced the effect to its cause, and referred this abiding train in the human character to its principle.

The question is not then, whether you will embrace revealed religion? Religion

you must embrace—but whether you will embrace revealed religion, or that of erring and blind philosophy. And with respect to this question, can you hesitate?

The former has infinitely more to recommend it than the latter. It originated in Heaven. It is founded not on conjecture, but on fact. Divinity manifested itself in the person, and shone in the life of its Author. True he appeared in great humility; but though the humility in which he appeared had been greater than it was, either the sublimity of his doctrines or the splendor of his actions had been sufficient to evince his Messiahship and prove that he was the SAVIOUR of the world. He spoke as man never spoke! Whence did he derive wisdom so transcendent? From reason? No. Reason could not give it, for it had it not to give. What reason could never teach, the gospel teaches; that in the vast and perfect government of the universe, vicarious sufferings can be accepted; and that the dread sovereign who administers that government, is gracious as well as just.—Nor does it rest in declaration merely.—It exhibits before our eyes the altar and the victim—the LAMB of GOD, which taketh away the sins of the world.

[To be concluded in our next.]

FOR THE MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

THE COLLECTANEA...No. 2.

MIMNERMUS, an ancient poet and musician, flourished about the beginning of the 6th century, B. C. He was of Smyrna, and cotemporary with Solon. Athenæus gives him the invention of pentameter verse. His elegies, of which only a few fragments are preserved, were so much admired in antiquity, that Horace preferred them to those of Callimachus. He composed a poem of this kind, as we learn from Pausanias, upon the battle fought between the people of Smyrna and the Lydians under Gyges. He likewise was the author of a poem in elegiac verse, quoted by Strabo, which he entitles *Nanno*; and in which we may suppose he chiefly celebrated a young and beautiful girl of that name, who, according to Athenæus, was a player on the flute, with whom he was enamored in his old age. With respect to love matters, according to Propertius, his verses were more valuable than all the writings of Homer.

Plus in amore valet Mimnermi versus Homero.

Lib. i. Eleg. 9. v. 11.

And Horace bears testimony to his abilities, in describing that seducing passion :

*Si Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque
Nil est jucundum, vivas in amore jocisque.*

Epist. 6, Lib. i. v. 65.

*If, as wise Mimnermus said,
Life unblest with love and joy
Ranks us with the senseless dead,
Let these gifts each hour employ.*

Alluding to some much admired lines of this Greek poet, which have been preserved by Stobæus.

*What is life and all its pride,
If love and pleasure be denied ?
Snatch, snatch me hence, ye fates, whene'er
The amorous bliss I cease to share.
Oh, let us crop each fragrant flower
While youth and vigor give us power ;
For frozen age will soon destroy
The force to give or take a joy ;
And then, a prey to pain and care,
Detested by the young and fair,
The sun's blest beams will hateful grow,
And only shine on scenes of woe.*

TO A POET.

*Unthrifty wretch, why still confine
Thy toil and homage to the nine ;
'Tis time to bid the nine begone,
And now take care of number ONE !*

From a late London Magazine.

CASE of a PERSON who during TWELVE YEARS was in a STATE of complete INERTIA.

THE following well-authenticated case is of so remarkable, and, I imagine, of so singular a nature, that I even suspect the faculty would find it difficult to give a name to it. History has indeed recorded a curious story concerning the Seven Sleepers, who awoke after having slept during many years, and then returning to their native city, found themselves so many strangers at home. In the case I lay before you, you will see a man who during twelve years, appears not to have existed ; and though his eyes were open all that time, he had lost their use, with the rest of his senses, till he as suddenly recovered the use of them all.

This singular and terrible disorder, in which the soul suddenly loses the full exercise of its faculties, has, I think, been called by physicians by the Greek name *katochus*. In this strange disorder the patient remains in the same position of his members in which he happens to be when all his intellectual and corporeal powers have been suddenly interrupted. He remains with his eyes open, but without seeing ; he has neither perception nor hearing during this state ; and frequently it is only a few drops of blood which produce these terrible effects, unless they occasion sudden death.

In the Memoirs of Stockholm, of October 1784, Mr. Arvid Faxæ has described the following case ; and perhaps, being

written in the Swedish language, it may come with some novelty to your readers.

"Oluf Olufson, a peasant, in the parish of Ranneby, in the province of Bletting, now aged 41, had been a sailor in his youth, was of a strong constitution, and had once nearly perished in a storm. He was seized with fever in June 1771, which appeared by pains in his body, great heats, and violent head-ache ; he soon lost his speech, and shortly after, his internal and external senses.

"About a month afterwards, the fever and heats abated ; but he had become so lean during this malady, that it was difficult to discover in him a fleshy fibre.—His body resembled that of a skeleton covered by a slight skin.

"He remained lying on his back constantly, and immoveable ; his hands on his breast, his legs stretched out, and his eyes generally closed. He passed eleven years in this helpless state, till the summer of 1782. Except a little milk insinuated between his lips, and sometimes a spoonful of wine or brandy, and at the same time, a pinch of snuff, he absolutely took no other food. No one can recollect, during all this time, that he ever expressed a wish for food. He could pass over four days, and sometimes a week, without taking milk. As he had neither flesh nor fat, this constant position did not occasion him any ulcers in his back.

"His brother, Anders Olufson, shewed every fraternal affection for him, and during these tedious and melancholy years, he sought every means to restore him to life, (for his present state could scarcely be called life,) which the most tender friendship suggested. He boiled some plants, with which he fomented his head frequently. Oluf appeared to recover a certain degree of sensation, regain a little strength, and seemed gradually restored, but he gave no mark of perception nor reasoning. He appeared in a restless state, and full of alarm, in the presence of any person.

"In this state he remained a considerable time before he would suffer himself to be observed stepping out of his bed, which, therefore, he generally did in the night, or when the family were out in the fields ; then would he drag himself to the spot where he could take a little milk ; but frequently, by the unexpected entrance of any one, he was seized with great trepidations, and frequently remained stretched out on the ground, without the least capability of motion.—At length his brother, resolved to make him quit his usual abode would take him out, give other nourishment, (though he ever preferred milk,) adding some strengthening substances, bathed his head with cold water, by a

spring at some distance from the house. Although the patient had recovered his hearing and feeling, he still remained extremely feeble and meagre, without powers of articulation, and with scarcely any trace of reason : habit, however, made him capable of going himself to draw water from the spring to bathe his head.

[To be concluded next week.]

CHARACTER of the ENGLISH NATION.

By Oxenstiern, Chancellor of Sweden.

"England (says he) is most truly the queen of islands, the empress and the arsenal of Neptune. It is at the same time the Peru of Europe, the kingdom of Bacchus, the school of Epicurus, the academy of Venus, the country of Mars, the residence of Minerva, the support of Holland, the scourge of France, the purgatory of the partisans of slavery, and the paradise of the lovers of liberty. The females are beautiful ; but their beauty is accompanied with a *je ne sçai quoi de fade*. Bravery is natural to the men ; but it is carried to an excess which approaches to ferocity. Their talents for wit are great, perhaps greater than in any other country ; but these produce a certain degree of presumption, which considerably diminishes the merit. Here one may truly say, that Fortune distributes her favors with a liberal hand ; but these islanders are ignorant of the art of using them as well for others as themselves. Courtezans, and the gratification of the palate, are the objects of their liberality. Their language is a strange mixture of all the others which are spoken in Europe ; but it has the advantage of being capable of expressing itself better than any other. In short, this nation wants nothing to make it truly happy but to know how to enjoy its blessings. A natural restlessness, and an extreme jealousy for their rights and their liberty, have often plunged them into the horrors of civil war, and brought them to the brink of ruin. The three voyages which I have made thither, enable me to know this country well ; and I can confidently assert, that of all countries in the world, it is the most likely to charm a young man, provided he understands the language, and is in a condition to bear the expense. In short, if the high road to hell is sown with pleasures, it is absolutely necessary to pass through England." See *Pensées sur divers Sujets de Morale, par M. le Comte Oxenstiern. Tom. i. p. 110.—1746.*

GLASS.

PLINY informs us that the art of making Glass was discovered in the following manner. As some merchants were carrying Nitre, they stopped near a river issuing from Mount Carmel. Not readily

finding stones to rest their kettles on, they employed some pieces of Nitre for that purpose. The fire gradually dissolving the nitre, it mixed with the sand, and a transparent matter flowed, which, in fact, was no other than Glass.

It is certain that we are indebted to chance, more than genius, for many of the most valuable discoveries.

BARON HUMBOLDT.

A third letter from M. Humboldt, concerning his travels in South America and Mexico, was lately read in the National Institute of France. In the first he stated the observations he had made in the Atlantic ocean, at the top of the Peak of Teneriffe, and in the province of New-Andalusia. In the second, he described the operations performed in the province of Venezuela, and the plains of Cazobozo, where he made some curious experiments on the *gymnotus electricus*. In the third memoir he has given a short account of his navigation on the Oronoko, Rio Negro, Carsequaire, executed with great danger, to determine astronomically the communication of the Orinaro with the Amazons river. The parts of his memoirs which contain an account of the geography, botany, and mineralogy of those countries, as well as of the manners and customs of the people, will be shortly published.

[From a series of well written Essays in the "Dartmouth Gazette," we extract the following, on the pernicious practice of drunkenness.]

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrows? who hath contentions? who hath wounds, without a cause? who hath redness of eyes, &c."—The wise man answers to his own interrogations; "The drunkards, those that tarry long at the wine."

I HAVE long been a particular observer of the consequences and tendencies of the passions incident to civil society; and among those which are degrading to the human character, there is no one, which assimilates man so much to a beast, as that which prompts to an excessive indulgence in ardent spirits.

Deity has elevated man in the scale of being superior to the rest of his works. He has made him capable of aiding the weak, instructing the ignorant, easing the pained and contributing the healing balm to the wounded bosom. Man can pour consolation into the house of mourning and light up a smile in the cottage of the widow and fatherless—in the formation of the slender vegetable, which he tramples under his feet and the organization of his own body, he can clearly discover the hand of an allwise Architect; he can see written on the skies, in legible characters, the power of an omnipotent God; but when an appetite for spiritous liquors is

gratified to excess, when the *bottle* becomes his dearest associate, these distinguished, these noble faculties are perverted and human nature is reduced to a level with the senseless insect, which grovels in the dust.

When man becomes intoxicated with the fumes of Bacchus, every feeling of humanity, every tie of gratitude and every sense of moral obligation, both to his fellow beings and his God are dissolved—the tears of the helpless orphan, the groans of suffering innocence and the mandates of Heaven are not sufficient to rouse the wretch from his slumbering lethargy. Can there be a more melancholy, a more horrid spectacle, than a fellow being, who has sacrificed in the *grog-shop*, those faculties and powers, which Deity designed should be exercised toward the advancement of the general good, individual happiness and his eternal well-being? Follow the *debauchee* from his own midnight Bacchanal to his place of abode, and if you have one spark of humanity he will shew you a picture, which will draw forth the sympathetic tear; you behold his habitation *without*, tattered and exhibiting every emblem of poverty, within discord and distress; his wife, with all the moderation and mildness of Pluto's Furies, welcomes his approach with the salutation of the *broom-stick*, or some other female weapon, athwart his empty skull; and to complete the scene, a numerous throng of offspring destitute of every ornament, both mental and corporeal, except those afforded by nature, assemble round and lisp out curses against the author of their existence. Is he a farmer, his fences are demolished, and his fields left to the spontaneous production of nature. Is he a mechanic, his work is superficially finished, his customers disappointed, his stock confiscated, and himself finally reduced to the mercy of the ruthless elements; as with these, so with all other occupations in society.

Drunkenness brings the king from his throne and reduces him to a level with his meanest subjects. Alexander, who could control despots and dominions, by his nod, could not withstand the force of "the cup of Hercules;" intemperance could unnerve that arm which had slain its thousands, and terminate a life, which, for valiant achievements, can boast a superiority to any on the page of history. Wine was the enemy which tumbled a Dyonysius from his throne, impaired his faculties, destroyed his constitution, and finally put a period to his existence.

A celebrated author says, that "ardent spirit is more destructive to the human species, it destroys more lives and property than the sword." Would you preserve your reputation from the blast of disgrace,

would you retain your property, health and life, would you have peace and plenty at home, and respectability abroad, would you arrive to your grave, completely ripe for glory, as a shock of corn for the granary? if so, avoid the gaming table, the tavern and grog shop; abandon, abandon as you would the deadly poison, the all destroying practice of *Rum Drinking*.

THE TRAVELLER.

LITERARY NOTICES,

[Of English Publications—the last year.]

A political volume has recently appeared under the title of "*Bonaparte and the French People under his Consulate*," which excites much interest. It is translated from the German. The work is evidently the production of a man whose information on the passing politics of the day is considerable, whose observation is always on the alert, and whose judgment is calm and discriminative. The author seems to have had much personal opportunity of investigating the character of Bonaparte, and his investigation has not been fruitless. He is alike temperate in his approbation and his censure. Numerous other writers have lavished, with the same want of discrimination, the most scurrilous obloquies or fulsome panegyrics, according to their prejudices. Here the reader is left to draw his own conclusions from the facts exhibited, not indeed altogether naked and without commentary, but with such an exposition of their natural and necessary tendency, as is plain and convincing. Ample and just credit is given to Bonaparte for high military talents, for well-directed and constant activity in prosecuting his schemes, and for the many obligations which France owes to his genius or his policy. On the other hand, it is the palpable object of this book to exhibit him in his true character, as a despot intent on personal aggrandizement, ready to sacrifice every thing to his ambition, cruel where cruelty is a favorable instrument, mysterious, cunning, treacherous. The author has endeavored to shew, not by virulent invective, by coarse abuse and slanderous accusations, but by a developement of plans, an exposition of facts, that Bonaparte is deliberately and systematically engaged in a scheme to extinguish every spark of republicanism in the empire. All his fêtes, all his public amusements, every thing is now assiduously calculated to recal the feelings and habits of the monarchy. He is represented as endeavoring, systematically endeavoring, to depress all the energies of the mind, to poison the education of the rising race, and beset them for bearing patiently a yoke of the most galling and ignominious servitude.

POETRY.

The Dove of Anacreon is a little poem of such exquisite beauty, that it has challenged the commendation and exercised the industry of Dr. Johnson. Fawkes has translated it *well*, Dr. Johnson *better*, but to Moore must be conceded the glory of rendering it *best*.

TELL me why, my sweetest Dove,
Thus your humid pinions move,
Shedding through the air in showers
Essence of the balmy flowers?
Tell me whither whence you rove,
Tell me all, my sweetest Dove.
Curious stranger, I belong
To the bard of Teian song;
With his mandate now I fly
To the nymph of azure eye;
Ah! that eye has madden'd many,
But the poet more than any!
Venus, for a hymn of love,
Warbled in her votive grove;
'Twas, in sooth, a gentle lay
Gave me to the bard away.
See me now, his faithful minion,
Thus, with softly gliding pinion,
To his lovely girl I bear
Songs of passion through the air.
Oft he blandly whispers me,
"Soon, my bird, I'll set you free."
But in vain he'll bid me fly,
I shall serve him till I die.
Never could my plumes sustain
Baffling winds and chilling rain,
O'er the plains, or in the dell,
On the mountain's savage swell!
Seeking in the desert wood,
Gloomy shelter, rustic food.
Now I lead a life of ease,
Far from such retreats as these;
From Anacreon's hand I eat
Food delicious, viands sweet;
Flutter o'er the goblet's brim,
Sip the foamy wine with him.
Then I dance and wanton round
To the lyre's beguiling sound;
Or with gently fanning wings,
Shade the minstrel while he sings;
On his harp then sink in slumbers,
Dreaming still of dulcet numbers.
This is all—away—away—
You have made me waste the day.
How I've chatter'd & prating crow
Never yet did chatter so.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

By Cowper.

The green house is my summer seat;
My shrubs, displac'd from that retreat,
Enjoy'd the open air:
Two goldfinches, whose sprightly song
Had been their mutual solace long,
Liv'd happy prisoners there.

They sang as blythe as finches sing
That flutter loose on golden wing,
And frolic where they list;
Strangers to liberty, 'tis true,
But that delight they never knew,
And therefore, never miss'd.

But nature works in every breast;
Instinct is never quite suppress'd;
And Dick felt some desires,
Which, after many an effort vain,
Instructed him at length to gain
A pass between the wires.

The open windows seem'd to invite
The freeman to a farewell flight,
But Tom was still confin'd;
And Dick, although his way was clear,
Was much too generous and sincere
To leave his friend behind.

For sitting on his grated roof,
He chirp'd and kiss'd him, giving proof
That he desir'd no more;

Nor would forsake his cage at last,
Till, gently seiz'd, I shut him fast,
A prisoner as before.

O ye, who never knew the joys
Of friendship, satisfied with noise,
Fandango, ball or rout!
Blush when I tell you how a bird
A prison, with a friend, prefer'd
To liberty without.

For the Merrimack Miscellany.

THE HAYMAKERS.

HOW cheerful the Haymakers are,
How jocund they labor and toil;
There seems neither sorrow nor care,
Their pleasures to injure or spoil.
Their labor's enlighten'd by mirth,
And each rustic's his favorite lass;
Hills and valleys re-echo their song,
Whilst they merrily turn up the grass.
Content in their bosoms resides,
And all its sweet charms doth impart;
Sweet Peace its soft influence sheds,
To calm and enlighten each heart.
No ambition their quiet invades,
But cheerful the hours they employ,
And health in each face doth appear,
Attended with Joy—smiling Joy!

For the MERRIMACK MISCELLANY.

FOR MARY.

AS I wander at midnight in distress o'er the wild,
My bosom exposed to the wind,
The tears on my cheeks, for I'm poverty's child,
And fortune, alas, is unkind.

The winter's chill blast I am doom'd to endure,
As friendless, unshelter'd I roam;
Nor e'en from the snow storm is MARY secure,
For MARY is bereft of her home.

Then blest be the tear kind pity may start,
Or sympathy bid to proceed;
Uncheck'd let it flow, for it flows from the heart,
Where mercy should reign, 'tis decreed.

THE WELSHMAN.

Welshman coming late into an inn,
Asked the maid what there was within;
Cōw-heels, she answer'd, and a breast of mutton;
But, quoth the Welshman, since I am no glutton,
Either of them shall serve me to-night the breast,
The heels i' th' morning, then light meat is best.
At night he took the breast, and did not pay—
I' th' morning took his heels, and ran away.

SONG TO HOPE.

COME Hope, thou little cheating sprite,
And let us set this quarrel right;

Come thou to me,
Or I to thee,

No matter, so we but agree.

You told me Phillis would be true,
I trusted her, I trusted you;

She prov'd a jade,
I was betray'd,

And this was one sly trick you play'd.

You promis'd me to launch a dart
At Parthenissa's stubborn heart;

You swore 'twould hit;
The deuce-a-bit;

It miss'd—you told a second tit.

You said, base imp, that I should find
Belinda best of woman kind;

The knot was tied,

She was my bride;
She was my plague—again you lied.
A thousand times you vow'd and swore,
And fibb'd and flatter'd o'er and o'er;
Though all was vain,
It lull'd my pain:
Come then, and cheat me o'er again.

COTTAGE OF CONTENTMENT.

STAY, passenger, and though within
Not gold, nor glitt'ring gems are seen,
To strike with dazzled eye,
Yet enter, and thy ravish'd mind
Beneath this humble roof shall find
What gold will never buy.
Within this solitary cell,
Calm tho't and sweet contentment dwell,
Parents of bliss sincere;
Peace spreads around her balmy wings,
And, banish'd from the courts of kings,
Has fix'd her mansion here.

"FALSE FACTS"—An historical anecdote.

An historian of the last age, (says Monsieur D'Alembert,) well known for his falsehoods, was told that he had altered the truth in his relation of a certain fact: *That may be!* (replied he) *but what does that signify? Is not the fact better as I have related it?*—Another (continues he) had a famous siege to describe: The memoirs, which he expected, not coming soon enough, he wrote his history of the siege, partly from the little he knew of it, and partly from his own imagination; unfortunately, the account he gives of it, is at least as interesting as if it had been true; the memoirs came at last: *I am sorry for it,* (said he) *but my siege is finished.* This (says D'Alembert) is the way in which history is written, and posterity think they are instructed.—*Month. Register.*

DIED,

Lately, at the house of industry, belonging to Worcester, (Eng.) in his 72d year, Mr. J. HUNT, house clerk to the establishment. The character of this venerable man was truly exemplary: he had been twelve years a sergeant in the 44th regiment; fought courageously in many battles, and was one of the six sergeants who bore the body of General Wolfe off the field, after the battle of Qu-bec.

In Sunderland, Hampshire County, on the 18th ult. Mrs. Lydia Montague, aged 76. She has left a husband, fifty children and grand-children, and one surviving brother and four sisters, whose ages added to hers, amounted to 441 years. She was the daughter of Deacon N. Smith, and is the only one of the children who has died within 60 years past.

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